

DELL

NO. 875

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LUKE SHORT'S

TRUMPETS WEST

... to the last great battle!



A picturized edition



THREE MEN WHO KNEW..ONE WHO DIDN'T !



LIEUTENANT BURKE HARRIS, AN INDIAN FIGHTER—WHO KNEW THAT CAVALRYMEN WERE SUPPOSED TO DO THEIR FIGHTING ON HORSEBACK.



CORVIRE, AN INDIAN AGENT—WHO KNEW THAT A MAN COULD GET FILTHY-RICH JUST BY SHORT-WEIGHTING APACHES ON THEIR MEAT RATION.



FORCE, AN APACHE CHIEF—WHO KNEW THAT HIS BRAVES WOULD FIGHT LIKE DEMONS UNLESS THEY GOT MORE MEAT IN THEIR BELLIES.



CAPTAIN DRYDEN, A CAVALRY POST COMMANDER—WHO DIDN'T KNOW THAT HIS IGNORANCE OF A CONVINING WHITE MAN WAS BOUND TO END IN A VICIOUS.



BATTLE WITH FORCE'S APACHES THAT THREATENED TO WIPE OUT HIS WHOLE COMMAND AND SET THE WEST ABLAZE WITH A BITTER INDIAN UPRISING!

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LUKE SHORT'S TRUMPETS WEST







ALL AFTERNOON SHOTS WHINE ACROSS THE HILLSIDE, AS BOTH SIDES SETTLE DOWN TO A GRIM STALEMATE, NEITHER SIDE BEING ABLE TO WIN.







**TWO DAYS
LATER...**

THAT'S THE LAST
OF IT, SIR!

CHEER UP OUR
SERGEANT! HE
REMEMBER SHOULD
BE BACK ANY TIME NOW
WITH RATIONS!



HERE HE IS!

BUT WHERE
IS THE FOOD?



THE ORDERS FROM CAPTAIN
BRIVEN ARE— "EXTEND YOUR
PATROL FOR A WEEK! USE
THE EXTRA MEN'S RATIONS
PREVIOUSLY ISSUED YOU!"

BUT HE KNOWS
WE GAVE THEM
TO FENCE!



I HANDED HIM YOUR
NOTE, SIR, AND TRIED TO
EXPLAIN! HE CUT ME SHORT
AND GAVE ME
THOSE ORDERS!

SERGEANT
DANES, PICK
OUT THREE
HORSES!



HERE, SIR!

NOW SHOOT
AND COOK
THEM!



**FOR A WEEK THEY PATROL THE BARREN WASTES,
AS MORE AND MORE MEN BECOME SICK FROM THE DIET.**

THANK HEAVENS
WE'VE MADE HOME
TODAY!

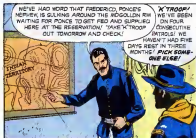
ABOUT TIME! WE
ONLY HAVE ONE
HORSE LEFT!



THE
NEXT
DAY,
A TROOP
MARCHES
BACK
TO ITS
POST.



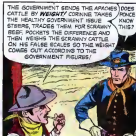






BURKE, WHILE YOU'VE BEEN GONE, CORNING HAS BEEN ACTIVE!

I KNOW YOU'RE THE CIVILIAN IN CHARGE OF THE ARMY RULE TRAINS, RUSH, BUT YOU SHOULD BE POST INTELLIGENCE OFFICER!



THE GOVERNMENT SENDS THE APACHES CATTLE BY WEIGHT! CORNING TAKES THE HEALTHY GOVERNMENT ISSUE STEERS, TRADES THEM FOR SCRRAWNY BEEF, POCKETS THE DIFFERENCE AND THEN WEIGHS THE SCRRAWNY CATTLE ON HIS FALSE SCALES SO THE WEIGHT COMES OUT ACCORDING TO THE GOVERNMENT FIGURES!

DOES RANCE KNOW THIS?



YES, HE'S BEEN ON SHORT RATIONS SINCE HE BROUGHT BACK HIS BAND! WANTS TO SEE YOU TONIGHT, BUT I HEAR YOU'RE CONFINED!

TELL HIM TO MEET ME AT TEN BY THE BLACK-SMITH'S SHOP! THAT'S JUST INSIDE THE POST AND NEAR THE RESERVATION!



THIRTY IS TOO DAMN OLD TO LET MYSELF BE BAILED INTO A FIGHT WITH A COMMANDING OFFICER - BUT SOMEONE HAS TO TRY TO GIVE THE APACHES A FAIR SHARE - AND THAT MAKES ME IT!



MEANWHILE...

I REFUSE TO TAKE THOSE SICK HORSES FOR K'TROOP'S RE-MOUNTS, O'NARA!

AS LONG AS I'M RUNNING THIS RANCH, YOU'LL TAKE WHAT I GIVE YOU!



I'D BETTER GET LIEUTENANT HANNA BEFORE THIS BOILS OVER INTO A REAL FRACAS!









QUICKLY, BURKE HANNA TELLS WHAT HAPPENED...



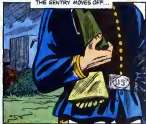
THAT EVENING...







A MINUTE OF SILENCE PASSES. THEN, CON-
VINCED HE HAS ONLY HEARD SOME PASSING ANIMAL,
THE GENTRY MOVES OFF...



POHCE SORRY
YOU GET IN TROUBLE
FOR FEEDING
HIS PEOPLE!

NO FRIENDS
OF MINE SO
HUNGRY!



POHCE AND PEOPLE *PLENTY* HUNGRY! COMING
PUNISH US FOR LEAVING RESERVATION! WE GET
NO MEAT NOW! THAT MAKE US SICK AND WEAK!
HARD KEEP YOUNG SUCKS
FROM BREAKING OUT AGAIN
SO THEY CAN HUNT AND
GET MEAT!

DON'T YOU GET
GOVERNMENT BEEF?



SICK BEEF! STARVED BEEF!
ONLY BONES! TOMORROW
ISSUE DAY FOR MEAT! IF
NOT FAT CATTLE, POHCE
CANNOT HOLD BACK BRAVES!

YOU'VE GOT TO
HAVE A LITTLE
MORE PATIENCE!
I'M TRYING
TO HELP!



YOU TRY, BUT EVEN
ARREST YOU! IF NOT GET
FOOD TOMORROW, POHCE'S
APACHES LEAVE
RESERVATION!

IF YOU BREAK,
I'LL HUNT DOWN
EVERY LAST ONE
OF YOU!

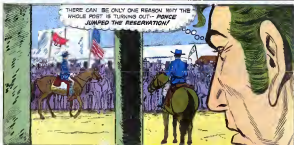


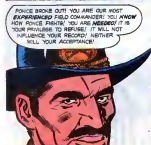






TWO DAYS LATER...





AS THE CAVALRY RIDES OUT IN PURSUIT, SOON THE ADVANCE SQUADS NEAR PONCE...



PONCE'S GETTING READY TO FIGHT, SIR! HE'S RUN FAR ENOUGH!

HOW MANY, NICK?



SIXTY OR SEVENTY--NOT COUNTING THE SQUADS AND KIDS! THEY'RE HOLED UP AMONG THE ROCKS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE TRAIL!



ISN'T THAT THEIR MAIN BODY RISING DUST ON THE HILLOPP?

NO, SIR! THAT'S A TRICK! PONCE'S THE WOMEN CIRCING THE HORSES! HIS MEN ARE SURROUNDING THE APPROACHES TO THE TOP!



LIEUTENANT MAMMA, RIGHT, CAPTAIN! SAME TRICK PONCE TRY LIEUTENANT! FORCE THINK HIM A JAIL! THAT TRAP SUPPOSED TO KILL OTHERS!







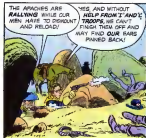
AS "I" AND "L" TROOPS START UP THE TRAIL IN A SLOW AND OBVIOUS ADVANCE, THE ARCHERS WATCH THEM EAGERLY, HOPING TO SEE "K" TROOP GLIP INTO POSITION...













AS "K" TROOP KEEPS THE WAY OPEN WITH DESPERATE DETERMINATION, "M" TROOP RIDES THROUGH...



IN MINUTES, THE HOPELESSNESS OF THEIR POSITION FORCES THE APACHES TO THROW DOWN THEIR ARMS...



PONCE IS WOUNDED! TWENTY-ONE OF HIS MEN ARE DEAD. THE REST HAVE SURRENDERED! HOW MANY CASUALTIES IN 'I' AND 'L' TROOPS, SIR?

I KEPT THEM BACK DELIBERATELY! THE LOOKOUT I POSTED SPOTTED CUST TO OUR REAR, AND RIGHT! I COULDN'T RISK OUR FLANK BEING OPEN!



WHO WAS THAT LOOKOUT?

I WAS! I SAW THE CUST AND SENT WORD!



THE CUST WAS FROM MY HILLS-TOWN, CORNINE, AND BEFORE I MOVED UP I SENT YOU A MESSENGER SO YOU KNEW MY DIRECTION OF APPROACH!

THAT'S RIGHT, RUSH-- BUT I HAD TO BE SURE IT WAS YOU!



CAPTAIN DRYDEN, DON'T YOU SEE IT YET? CORNINE DELIBERATELY LIED TO YOU SO YOU'D LEAVE ME AND 'I' TROOP OUT THERE ALONE FOR THE APACHES TO WIPE OUT!

THERE'S NO MORE TO THIS IDEA THAN TO YOUR RIDICULOUS CLAIM THAT CORNINE CHEATS THE APACHES!







THE STARS AND STRIPES WAS ORIGINALLY THE NAVY FLAG. THE CAVALRY, LIKE OTHER ARMY UNITS, USED THE FLAG OF ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES UNTIL 1895. WHILE THE INFANTRY CALLED THEIR FLAGS "COLORS," THE CAVALRY FLAG HAVE ALWAYS BEEN KNOWN AS "STANDARDS."



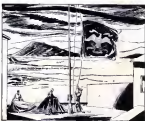
ON THE RIGHT OF THE STANDARD BEARER'S SADDLE WAS A STIRRUP WITH A SOCKET TO HOLD THE LANCE OF UNION STANDARD.



THE CAVALRY STANDARD POINTED THE WAY BACK TO THEIR UNIT FOR MEN SEPARATED FROM THEIR COMRADES IN BATTLE.



STANDARD BEARERS LED THE WAY TO NEW OBJECTIVES OR GATHERED THE MEN FOR REGROUPING IN A FIGHT TOO NOISY FOR VOICE COMMANDS TO BE HEARD.



ON ARMY POSTS, TWO BARRISON FLAGS WERE USED: A LARGER FLAG ON FAIR DAYS AND A SMALLER STORM FLAG FOR WET WEATHER.

CAVALRY UNIFORMS



THE CAVALRY SOLDIER OF THE OLD WEST HAD A CONSTANT BATTLE WITH DISCOMFORT HIS UNIFORM MAY HAVE LOOKED GASHING, BUT IT WAS FAR FROM COMFORTABLE. THE HEAVY UNIFORM WAS THICKLY LINED WITH FLANNEL. IT WAS WORN WINTER AND SUMMER ACCORDING TO REGULATIONS
---BUTTERED UP!



UNDER THEIR HIGH COLLAR, CAVALRY MEN WORE A BLACK LEATHER STOCK WHICH OFTEN RUBBED THEIR NECKS RAW AND WAS ALWAYS HOT IN SUMMER



BUTTONS ON THE JACKET FRONTS AND SLEEVES SPARKLED IN THE SUN, BUT MEN THOUGHT THEIR TWENTY TO FORTY THINGS TO BE POLISHED DAILY.



SHOES WERE NEVER MADE IN PAIRS AND SINCE NEITHER RIGHT NOR LEFT FOOT FIT WELL, THE OLD CAVALRY MAN WAS UNCOMFORTABLE FROM THE FEET UP.

A PLEDGE



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